A Narrative of the

BATTLES

OF

BULL RUN

AND

MANASSAS JUNCTION

July 18th and 21st, 1861.

Accounts of the Advance of both Armies, the Battles, and the Defeat and Rout of the Enemy.

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THE

BATTLE OF BULL RUN,

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1861.

PLAN OF THE COUNTRY.

As it adds very much to the interest and the true understanding of a description of a battle to have a correct comprehension of the battle-ground and surrounding localities, to aid the reader in sketching an approximate map of the scene of operations at Manassas Junction, we supply the following data:

A line drawn in a North and South direction, and to represent a distance of eight miles, will answer for the road from Centreville to Manassas Junction. Centreville is to be marked down at the Northern end, and Manassas Junction or Camp Pickens at the Southern. The road itself has about the usual meanders.

A line drawn East and West through Centreville, will represent the turnpike road leading from Alexandria on the East, to Warrenton on the West. On this road, and six miles East of Centreville, is Fairfax Court House. On the West of Centreville, and about four miles distant, the turnpike road crosses Bull Run, on what is known as the Stone Bridge.

If a line be drawn through Manassas Junction in a direction nearly East, but North of it, it will represent the railroad as it leads to Alexandria, which is distant twenty-seven miles. At a point about four miles from Manassas Junction, the railroad crosses Bull Run on a high bridge.

The above points being marked down, if a meandering line be now drawn from the Stone Bridge on the turnpike, to the railroad bridge above described, it will show the position of Bull Run. It crosses obliquely to the line of the road leading from Manassas Junction to Centreville, and at about four miles

from each. The whole course of Bull Run between the two bridges is included in the present line of battle.

Bull Run is a pellucid mountain rivulet of small size in summer, but liable to heavy and wide-spreading freshets. Its course in the region we are noticing is very much marked by bluffs, particularly on the north-eastern side. The fringing of bottom lands, which is chiefly on the south-west side, is covered with magnificent oaks and other forest trees. The bluffs render the crossing to Bull Run difficult, except at occasional points. The most favorable of these is the point where the road from Centreville to Manassas Junction crosses. The tall oaks had been felled on the bottom ground, on the south-west side of the Run, leaving the road but as an avenue through the fallen timber. This road proved, indeed, to be the centre line of the enemy's movement, but the fighting was confined to the flanks. They did not make their effort at the central ford, but sought points of crossing, chiefly *below* the road, or on the side toward the railroad.

DISPOSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES.

For more than a week the commanding general of the Confederate forces at Manassas had been anticipating an advance of the enemy, and had so arranged his troops as to be prepared at all points. At Fairfax Court House, Gen. Bonham was stationed, with six regiments of infantry, composed of four from South Carolina (Kershaw, Cash, Williams and Bacon) and two from Virginia (Preston and Withers), with two batteries of light artillery (Shield's howitzers and Kemper's company), and about five hundred cavalry, under command of Col. Radford, of Virginia.

At Fairfax Station, about four miles distant from the Court House, and on a line with it, Gen. Ewell, of Virginia, was posted with three regiments of infantry, two Alabama (Siebles' and Rhodes'), and one from Louisiana (Seymour's). These regiments were stationed at intervals of a mile from each other, Rhodes' 5th Alabama Regiment guarding the Braddock road approach from Alexandria, which intersects the country road between the Court House and the Station. At both places, infantry works had been thrown up for the protection of the troops, and at the Court House particularly, extended lines of defence, including two or three masked batteries, had been constructed.

At Centreville, a commanding eminence on the turnpike road, between Fairfax Court House and Bull Run, Col. Cocke was stationed with his regiment and Latham's Light Battery. The object of these preparations was to resist the incursion of anything short of a large army into the interior, and in the event of the approach of a force under twenty thousand men, to give battle and drive them back. At the same time, orders

had been issued, in case of an overwhelming demonstration of the enemy, to fall back on Bull Run, the selected battle ground. To provide for this contingency, the troops for more than a week past had been trimmed of all superfluous baggage, and been under orders to keep on hand constantly three days' provisions in advance. Quartermaster and Commissary supplies have been kept in limited amounts, and the wagons held in constant readiness to move off with camp equipage, etc.

We are particular in stating these minute details to give the reader an idea of what was anticipated by the commanding general, and of his arrangements to meet the contemplated contingency.

THE ATTACK COMMENCED.

The expectation of an attack, which had almost died out, was revived by well-grounded reports and suspicious appearances on Monday and Tuesday; and on Wednesday morning expectation was changed into certainty by the booming of cannon, followed by the rattling of small arms and the rapid head of hastening couriers. The enemy was advancing in three separate columns, of probably fifteen thousand each—one down the railroad, another the Braddock road, and the third from the direction of Falls Church, on Fairfax Court House, where Bonham's Brigade of South Carolinians held the advance post of the Confederate Army. They were firing upon one of our pickets. General Beauregard was hurriedly sent for and quickly came to the scene of action, when he ordered the retreat, which has proved to be a brilliant strategic movement. At first our troops were much displeased, believing the retreat had been ordered by some junior officer; but when they learned that the order emanated from their General-in-Chief, they were perfectly satisfied, having in him unbounded confidence. Capt. Haile, with the whole of his company and half of the Brooks Guards, was on picket from two to four miles from camp, and the enemy was advancing across their line of retreat at about one mile. From Col. Kershaw's camp (the most advanced), the glitter of the enemy's guns in the morning sun illumined hill after hill. But there was no time for observation. The "long roll" beat, and each company fell promptly into line. Col. Kershaw gallops in, and to the interrogatory "How is the picket?" replies, "All right." Capt. Rhett was ordered to take the other half of his company and hold a house, at the intersection of the two roads, until the picket reached that point. "The Brooks," elated at the prospect of a fight, and anxious for the fate of their exposed comrades, set off at a brisk rate, and soon reaching their place of destination, were preparing to keep the Yankees at bay until the safe passage of their friends, when the picket arrived at a double quick. The Brooks Guards greeted their captain with three hearty cheers,

who recalled those that had been deployed, and the whole column (two companies) set off to join the regiment. The Yankees were then about a quarter of a mile on the right. They reached the camp just in time to join the regiment without having a moment to pause, and, therefore, lost most of their baggage.

THE BATTLE.

The battle ground was upon both sides of Bull Run, and upon both sides of the road leading to Centreville. Here the enemy appeared after having paid their respects to Fairfax and the other positions from which our forces had fallen back, and here they encountered a Virginia brigade, under the command of Gen. Longstreet, consisting of the 1st, 11th and 17th Virginia regiments, two or three companies of the 7th Louisiana Regiment, Col. Hays, and the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. The South Carolina and other regiments which formed the advance division, under Gen. Bonham, were located within a short distance of the scene, ready, if necessary, at a moment's warning, to co-operate with the Confederate troops engaged.

The object of the enemy was undoubtedly to break our lines and fight the flanks. To this end Sherman's battery was brought forward, and at a distance of a mile and a half opened a heavy but ineffectual fire, expecting, doubtless, to make a breach in our ranks, through which their infantry might enter, and open a general battle. They were gallantly encountered, however, by the Washington Artillery, with six pieces, and in the course of the action, notwithstanding the enemy had thirteen guns, served by United States regulars, the far famed Sherman's battery was completely silenced, and obliged to retire. It is said, however, that we had the advantage of firing up hill, where nearly every shot took effect, whereas the shells and balls of the enemy passed entirely over the heads of our own artillerists, and buried themselves in a mound beyond.

Under the cover of this fire McDowell threw forward his skirmishers, who were soon after followed by the entire attacking column. These took up their position on the banks of Bull Run, and in the adjoining fields. Our own forces were stationed immediately opposite; the first Virginia Regiment, Col. Moore, which, a portion of the day, sustained the brunt of the attack, lying flat upon their faces, and firing from the ground. It is said that at one time they were so close that the smoke from their muskets enveloped each other almost from sight, yet strange to say, the wounds caused resulted mostly from the falling fragments of shells and not from musket balls. The fight did not become general until about eleven o'clock.

At this hour their whole front, infantry and artillery continuing still to advance, our infantry also pushed forward and the fight became general.

The battle continued with unabated fury for three hours, when, about two o'clock, P. M., the enemy's centre giving way before the combined fire of our artillery and the charge of our infantry, their whole force fell back precipitately and in disorder. But, after an interval of an hour, during which there was some unimportant skirmishing, at three o'clock, P. M., the enemy again returned to the charge with redoubled impetuosity, and again, after severe fighting, were they driven back at the point of the bayonet.

Their third charge was made, apparently, with great fury, and as if determined to sweep away the rebels as with a flood. It was then that our artillery, having gained an advantageous position, poured upon them its most fatal fire, committing a havoc that was almost sickening to look upon. The enemy was *mowed* down, and fled before the terrible discomfiture under the greatest consternation.

After a pause they opened apparently, from all their guns, a furious fire, directed at the forest and hills and vales in their front. They seemed to think that surely the rebels were somewhere, and by shooting everywhere they must hit some of them. It was probably, however, but the explosion of their rage and mortification. It was harmless to our side, and our soldiers allowed them to waste their ammunition unresponded to.

THE RETREAT.

It was now five o'clock, P. M., and the enemy made no attempt to renew the fight, but retreated hastily, leaving the field strewn with the bodies of their dead and wounded in possession of the Confederates. They were thus repulsed twice during the fight, but each time rallied to the work, and fought with a bravery at which many of our soldiers were surprised.

Once a small party endeavored to cross the stream, but these were completely riddled, with the exception of one individual who was wounded and taken prisoner. From him it has since been learned that a Pennsylvania regiment was almost completely annihilated, the artillery mowing great lanes through the ranks at every shot, while the infantry dropped them with their small arms by scores at every discharge.

The battle had extended along the creek, "Bull Run," a distance of over a mile, and within this space the enemy had left nine hundred and eighty-six of their men dead or mortally wounded. Our loss, as counted that night, was one hundred and thirty-seven killed, wounded and missing, but by the next morning this number was reduced to less than sixty by the return of stragglers, who had been scattered and lost in the woods during the night. The enemy threw chain-shot and fired upon our hospital while the yellow flag, which secures immunity in civilized nations, was flying. General Beauregard

had a narrow escape, a ball having passed through the kitchen of a house where he was partaking of dinner. The General has displayed qualities of the highest order as a military commander, with, perhaps, the exception of indifference to his own life, now so valuable to the Confederacy. He exhibited great coolness during the engagement, and was in all parts of the field.

The famous Sherman Battery, upon which the enemy evidently based so much hope of success, was almost utterly annihilated. Some say there is scarcely a corporal's guard of them left. The First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, under Col. P. T. Moore, is said to have fought desperately. Three separate charges were made by it with the bayonet, and in each instance the enemy fled like sheep. Among the enemy's dead were many officers, whose uniforms indicated high rank, though their names were unknown. The next morning the enemy sent in a flag of truce to General Beauregard, asking permission to bury their dead, which was, of course, granted.

The number of the enemy actually engaged in this battle is variously estimated at between five and ten thousand, whilst our force little exceeded three thousand five hundred.

THE CONDUCT OF OUR TROOPS.

The conduct of our men was truly heroic. With the rest of the army as admiring spectators, they performed the work which had fallen to them with a delightful intrepidity, which has won the affectionate applause of all their generous comrades in arms.

The artillery practice on our side fell to the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans. It is sufficient to say that they eclipsed, if possible, their high reputation. We expected a vast deal of them—they have given us more! Henceforth, for intrepidity and accuracy, and rapidity of fire, they stand as a proverb throughout our land.

The credit of this fight is due chiefly to the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, the 1st and 17th Virginia Regiments, and the Louisiana 7th, assisted by Kemper's Light Battery, which was protected by the 2d South Carolina Regiment (Kershaw's). The 17th Virginia Regiment highly distinguished itself. At one time one of its battalions drove a whole regiment of the enemy before it at the point of the bayonet to the top of a hill, where it was obliged to fall back to the Run, the enemy's discomfited regiment having been reinforced by four others. Being joined at the "Run" by the other battalion, this gallant regiment waited the near approach of the five opposing, delivered a telling fire, and charged on them with the bayonet, chasing the whole, five to one, across the field at full speed. General Beauregard checked the pursuit. Kemper, covered by

one battalion of the Second Palmetto Regiment, under Kershaw, sallied out from the entrenchments just at this juncture, threw two shells into the flying infantry of the enemy as they attempted to rally, and scattered them anew. Capt. Kemper is a gallant and accomplished young officer, and has been attached to Kershaw's regiment.

All of our men behaved with the utmost coolness and fought like the disciplined soldiers of a Napoleon. It would be invidious to single out the troops from any particular State as having exhibited qualities not found in all. The conduct of our gallant little army (never before under fire), on this occasion surpasses all praise. For steadiness under a most galling fire, indifference to their peril, good order and precision of aim, history may be ransacked in vain for a parallel. The enemy outnumbered them in the proportion of three to one.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The number of the enemy killed is variously estimated from five hundred to one thousand. One gentleman counted more than two hundred bodies within the space of two acres. Certain it is, that the enemy, under a flag of truce, were engaged the greater part of Friday in digging pits and burying them ten and twenty in a bunch. A small cart load of caps and felt hats was picked up on the field since the battle, some of them riddled with balls and saturated with blood. Such was the stench of the decaying bodies twenty-four hours after the battle, that our men in the neighborhood were obliged to go out and cover them with earth. The number of arms taken is said to have been five hundred and four, including one piece of artillery; but another authority puts the figure as low as three hundred. This is exclusive of revolvers and side arms.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

One of the enemy's Colonels was killed by a squad of Col. Kershaw's Second South Carolina Regiment, his horse shot, and $700 in gold found upon his person.

Among the many incidents related of the affair, is one of this character, and it fairly illustrates the military spirit of the whole army. Connected with the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment is a little fifteen year old, named Clarence Carey, of Alexandria. His position in the regiment is that of "marker," and he was supposed to be of no more use upon a battle field than a brass band in a meeting house. The Colonel accordingly ordered him to go to the hospital, and remain there until the fight was over. The little fellow had no such insignificant idea of himself, however, and as soon as the Colonel's back was turned, off he went for his musket, and was soon in the

fight. The result of his marksmanship is said to have been one dead Yankee and one "winged."

Another little chap—a drummer boy from Lynchburg—not much more than a yard high, hurried to the field as soon after the battle as he could, to get a gun and revolver, but unfortunately was too late, and his only trophy was an odd looking knife, with a buckhorn handle. He says he examined the clothing of a dozen or fifteen, to see if he could'nt make a "raise," but an emptier set of pockets he don't believe it possible to exist. The only production out of the whole number, was a due bill for seven dollars from one Dutchman to another.

The incident is related also, that during the fight a negro from Lynchburg, named Dick Langhorn, belonging to one of the officers of a Virginia Regiment, shot one of the Yankees in the shoulder, and knocked down another who was accompanying him with his revolver. As they rose from the ground, the ebony patriot brought his pistol to bear upon them a second time, accompanied with the very philosophical remark: "Berry sorry to hurt you, massa, but de fac am, dis chile wants to show you to some ob de gemmen in ole Wirginny. Come along or dis nigger hurt you shuah."

"Come along" they did, and the boy had the proud pleasure of delivering his prisoners into the hands of the Colonel of his regiment.

From these circumstances you can readily deduce that our "boys," big and little, black and white, are full of fight.

For us this was a most brilliant battle and a most cheering success. For the enemy, it was a severe and galling defeat. We thank God for his favor on our arms; and all honor, and the thanks of our great country, to the heroes whose skill and valor have been the agency of winning us the victory.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

SUNDAY, JULY 21.

EVENTS PRECEDING THE BATTLE.

The Federal Army exceeded in the magnitude of its scale and the completeness of its equipment, any force ever marshaled upon this continent. All the elements of strength and success which the ingenious malice of an ambitious traitor to his native State and section, could command, were combined to insure its signal triumph. The whole of the regulars in the United States service on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, with but a trifling exception, were mustered into this grand column, intended to sweep before it the insignificant opposition of Beauregard, and march victoriously into Richmond. The choicest batteries were served by the most skillful of their artillerists, and the flower of their infantry were commanded by the most courageous and accomplished of their leaders.

With all their plans perfected, buoyant in spirit, elated with hope and cupidity, the invading army moved out of Alexandria on Wednesday, the 17th inst. On Thursday, they approached Fairfax, and found, as they supposed, our whole force in position there. The attack was made in three columns. Our troops, with affected consternation, retreated hastily, but in perfect order, to Bull Run, and they eagerly followed. When within point blank range of several masked batteries, into which they had been most adroitly ensnared, we opened upon them and tore their ranks terribly. The fight was brief, but gave great encouragement to our boys, who had been rusting for want of exercise. On Friday, Gen. McDowell sent a flag of truce asking a cessation of hostilities to bury the dead.

General Beauregard now commenced his preparations for a forward movement, and had well nigh completed them, when, through his scouts, he learned that the enemy were making arrangements for the same purpose. He immediately changed his plans and put his command in position of defence. Every

thing was done "decently and in order," but the work progressed with marvelous rapidity. Thus passed Saturday. On Saturday night Gen. Johnston assumed command, and nearly the entire night was consumed by the staff of both Generals in writing orders to the different brigades to prepare for a forward movement in the morning. General Beauregard's plans were to be carried out in a great measure, and the rout of the enemy would have been more signal, and, doubtless, Washington would now be in our possession, if our attack had not been converted into a defence by the movements of the enemy.

THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE.

"We are in the midst of a terrible scene. The sacred stillness of the Sabbath is being interrupted by the heavy booming of artillery, the shrill whistle of flying balls, the roll of musketry, the clatter of cavalry, and the shouts of our enthusiastic soldiers. Far in the distance rises the thick curtain of smoke that has been belched forth from the mouths of a score or more of cannon, and envelopes the combatants, while dense white balls of cloud, no bigger than a man's head, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky, tell of bursting bombs and descending missiles of destruction."

There were not many spectators of the battle, the general commanding having, on Thursday, issued a general order requiring all civilians, with the exception of residents before military operations commenced, and those engaged necessarily in business at Manassas Junction, to leave the camp and retire beyond a distance of four miles.

The writer, however, and his confreres of the press, were privileged to remain to witness a scene not often enacted, and which forms an era in their lives for all time to come, a scene of terrific grandeur and sublimity which is imprinted on their memories, with a recollection never to be effaced.

The day was bright and beautiful—on the left was the Blue Ridge, and in front were the slopes on the North side of Bull Run crowned with woods, on which the enemy had early planted his batteries, and all around us were eminences on which were posted small but anxious knots of spectators.

Bull Run is North of Manassas Junction (the shortest distance to it being three and a half miles), and runs due east. Some seven miles to the left, and in a north-westerly direction, is Stone Bridge, while directly in front, or due north, is Mitchell's Ford, on the road to Centreville. To the right, on the same stream, is Union Mills. The entire country from the Stone Bridge to the latter place, on the opposite side, was occupied by the Federal forces, at least eighty thousand strong. They were there located upon the top of the hill, evidently in strong force, with several heavy pieces of artillery, including also a battery of six-pounders and rifle cannon. We could

see them with the naked eye, skirting along the edge of the woods, and that they saw us we had ample evidence every few minutes by the arrival in our neighborhood, frequently inconveniently close, of whistling cannon balls, which bury themselves in the earth around us.

Our own forces held corresponding positions on this side of the river, and, though quiescent, were drawn up ready for battle, well supported by artillery, waiting the order for action.

THE ADVANCE.

The enemy advanced in three columns—the centre commanded by Gen. McDowell, the right wing by Dixon S. Miles, of the Second United States Infantry, and the left wing by Fitz John Porter, formerly of the Adjutant General's Department.

Our forces were disposed in corresponding order, Gen. Beauregard commanding the centre, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston the left, and Gen. Longstreet the right wing.

The enemy selected their own position, and on the approach of our troops were drawn up in a line of battle, which I heard an officer of the Mexican war describe as one of the most beautiful sights he ever beheld.

The ground upon which the battle was fought was one admirably adapted to the purposes of defence or attack, being, with one exception, a succession of gentle hills, covered with trees and brushwood, occasionally interrupted by broad meadow land. Its extent was about two miles square, but the principal battle ground was an open valley with a hill upon each side, rising some one hundred feet above the low ground, and distant from each other about six hundred yards. Our artillery consisted of some five batteries, among which was the Washington Artillery, Pendleton's and Kemper's. Against these were arrayed not less than fifty pieces, including the famous Sherman's Flying Artillery, Shumpert's Battery, and the Rhode Island Flying Artillery.

At about 8 o'clock we reached a hill above Mitchell's Ford, almost entirely bare of trees, and sufficiently high to afford an unobstructed view of the opposite heights. After taking a leisurely view of the beautiful landscape, spread out before us in all the loveliness and grandeur of nature, and listening with watchful intent to the booming of the heavy cannon on our right and anxiously examining the locations where the guns of the enemy on the opposite hills were plainly to be seen with the naked eye, and the heavy clouds of dust, rising above the woods in front and on either side, indicating the direction in which the heavy columns of the enemy were marching, we each sought the shade of a tree, where we drew forth our memorandum books and pencils, to note down the various shiftings of the scene which henceforth forms an era in the history of our

young Confederacy, and grandly inaugurates the march of glory on which she has entered.

EDMUND RUFFIN.

An interesting meeting here took place between our party and the venerable Edmund Ruffin, who had, against the walls of Fort Sumter, fired the first defiant gun at our insolent and braggart foe. He had come to this conflict, with his eighty-odd years weighing upon him, and his flowing white locks, to take part in the fight, encouraging our young men by his presence and example. Agile as a youth of sixteen, with rifle on his shoulder, his eyes glistened with excitement as he burned to engage the Yankee invader.

OUR GENERALS RECONNOITERING.

Shortly afterwards Generals Beauregard, Johnston and Bonham, accompanied by their aids, came galloping up the hill and dismounted on the summit. The Generals held an earnest consultation for a few minutes, while taking a survey of the field, and watching the successive challenges from the enemy's batteries, directed against our right and among the woods near Mitchell's Ford, where a hospital was stationed and a yellow flag flying. This was also the point where their fire of Thursday was directed, and where the mark of a cannon ball is to be seen in the kitchen and stable of a house in which General Beauregard dined on that day at the time the ball struck the building. Whether the enemy thought it was again his headquarters, or whether the fire was now playing toward that point to draw out a response from us, is not known. It is more likely, however, it was a mere feint—an impotent attempt to deceive our skillful and able commander as to the point where the enemy was most in force, for so our wise General considered it, as he was seen to direct General Johnston's attention particularly with his hand towards our extreme left, as if he knew the struggle was to be made there.

As I have said, General Beauregard was not deceived, for the immense clouds of dust appearing above the woods indicated, beyond a doubt, the Federal columns were moving in solid masses in another direction, and one which was unmistakeable.

Just at this time, by the aid of our glass, we could see their guns brought to bear on the hill where we stood, for in a few minutes the smoke was discovered issuing from their batteries of rifled cannon; and before scarcely a word could be said, the peculiar whiz and hissing of the balls notified us that their aim had been well taken. Several balls fell in a field immediately behind us, and not a hundred yards from the spot where the General stood. An officer of Gen. Beauregard's staff requested us to leave the hill, and as we moved away a shell burst not

twenty feet off. Col. Bonner calculated with his watch the time taken by the balls to pass us, and made the distance one and three-quarter miles from the enemy's battery. The enemy no doubt discovered the horses of the Generals, and thought it a good opportunity to display their marksmanship, and credit is due to them for the accuracy of their aim. Providence, however, who governs all things, covered the heads of our Generals as with a shield, and preserved them for the hazardous service in which they were in a short hour or two to be engaged.

ATTACK UPON OUR LEFT.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and the enemy having opened with rifle cannon and shell on the right, which they had continued for more than three hours, without response, we heard away to the left, about three miles distant, the heavy booming of cannon, followed immediately by the rattling crack of musketry—the discharges being repeated and continuous—which notified us the engagement had commenced in earnest at the point where the battle was to be fought and won.

Reaching the road leading from Manassas, my first experience was in encountering a regiment of Virginians, who had run the whole distance from the Junction, and were panting and cheering from fatigue and excitement. Their gallant Colonel—I did not learn his name—stood by the roadside, making appeals to the men that were enough to nerve an arm of steel. "On boys, on, for God's sake! Ten minutes more and you will have a chance. Never let it be said that Virginia was last in the field. One hour more and the enemy is whipped!" Imagine men who have been longing to fight for months, in the presence of an enemy, the musketry rattling distinctly only a mile or two distant, and dashing leader and such stirring outbursts of passionate eloquance, and you can imagine something of the impulses which sent these men flying into the field.

Here and there, lying along the road, were squads of soldiers who had been in the battle, and had come out exhausted. Wounded men, with heads bloody, hands shot away, legs mangled, and otherwise hurt, were slowly wending their way with their comrades towards the Junction. Ambulances filled with those more seriously injured, also moved in the same direction. Nearer the scene, in a shaded hollow, on the banks of a narrow creek, large numbers of the wounded were gathered and undergoing various operations at the hands of the surgeons, who, covered with blood and dust, plied the knife, saw and needle, as if human flesh was not instinct with life or sensible to pain.

At this point, Generals Beauregard and Johnston, accompanied by a staff of some ten or twelve officers, passed at full gallop, riding towards their headquarters for the day, which were on a hill immediately overlooking the ground where our

brave soldiers were manfully and persistently struggling for the victory.

A large force of cavalry were here stationed, and as the Generals passed they called for three cheers for Beauregard, which were immediately given with right good will, and which the General gracefully acknowledged by lifting his hat from his head and bowing his thanks.

Both of our Generals were plainly dressed. No large epaulets, no gilt, nor any fuss and feathers; you could only distinguish them at a distance to be officers by their swords, but on a closer inspection, the marks of genius and military skill were unmistakeable. Their uniform was what I took to be plain undress. Not the least sign of excitement was to be seen on the countenances of either as they coolly rode forward into the storm of iron hail. Beauregard's eye glistened with expectation, no doubt, when he afterwards threw himself into the very heart of the action, appearing then, as was afterwards most expressively said of him, to be the very impersonation of the "god of war." Gen. Johnston, too, looked every inch a commander, and proved himself to be the worthy inheritor of the prowess and virtues of his ancestors.

On reaching the top of the hill, where was a white house, owned, I believe, by a Mr. Lewis, they were again discovered by the enemy, as the rifled shot and shell whizzed through the air and lodged in the hollow behind. The aim was not so good at this time, the accurate artillerists three miles below not having yet come up with the enemy's main body.

THE FIGHT AT STONE BRIDGE.

Gen. Evans, of South Carolina, was the first to lead his Brigade into action at Stone Bridge. It consisted of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. Sustaining them was Gen. Cocke's Brigade, consisting of the Seventeenth, Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels Cocke, Withers and Robert T. Preston. These Brigades were the first to bear the brunt of the action, as they were exposed to a concentric fire, the object of the enemy being to turn our left flank, while we were endeavoring to turn his right. These regiments of Infantry were sustaining the famous Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, who had two of their guns at this point, which made terrible havoc in the ranks of the enemy. The Federal troops leading the action consisted of ten thousand Regulars, sustaining the celebrated Sherman's Battery, these Regulars being in their turn sustained by immense masses of volunteers, the New York Zouaves among the number. Gen. Beauregard estimated the enemy's numbers in the action to be not less than thirty-five thousand men.

The brigades of Jackson, Bartow, Bee and Cocke, also a part

of the division of Gen. Evans, rallied to their assistance, and contested every inch of ground with a desperate determination never surpassed.

The carnage at this point was terrible. The Fourth Alabama, of Bee's, and the Eighth Georgia, of Bartow's Brigade, were most exposed, and contributed largely toward the results achieved, by holding their position for hours under a most murderous fire of musketry on both flanks, and a heavy battery in front, until they were relieved by reinforcements, under Col. Jackson, who, was the first to reach them. The battle rapidly converged to this point.

The enemy, however, had the advantage of numerical strength and locality. Forty or fifty cannon were playing with fearful effect upon our troops. Their column numbered twenty-five thousand, whilst we could only oppose them at the beginning with about eight thousand. Slowly but surely the heavy column kept on in its march, pressing our line back by the weight of numbers, and moving on in the settled purpose of turning our flank and attacking us in the rear. Gallantly, however, did our army struggle for the right, and despite of odds, regiment after regiment threw itself in the way, disputing the ground, inch by inch, regardless of the fact that its predecessors had been cut to pieces or dispersed.

Many of our regiments in the rapid changes which had taken place, had become decimated and disorganized; small detachments were without officers to lead them; several field officers had fallen, killed or wounded; and the men, weary with their long marches and hard fighting, were leaving the field by dozens.

Gen. Bee's Brigade could not withstand the fierce tornado of shot and shell sweeping through its ranks, and slowly retired, fighting bravely all the time. The 4th Alabama Regiment suffered terribly, all of its field officers being shot down, and two (Col. Jones and Major Scott) left upon the field. Col. Jones was captured, but afterwards re-taken during the rout. Falling back upon the position taken by Hampton's Legion, whose prowess can clearly be shown by the heaps of dead in front of their line, a momentary check was thrown in the enemy's approach.

GENERAL JACKSON.

They had now retreated to the brow of the hill, where the brigade of Gen. Jackson was lying *perdu*, and this was the most critical point of the day. This Brigade had been lying for hours sustaining with unflinching courage a most terrific fire. The General had his horse shot under him, and a finger of the left hand shot off, but cool as a cucumber he still urged his "boys" to be "steady," and steady they were, when they charged and butchered the Fire Zouaves and other regiments

right and left. The General has a way of holding his head up very straight, and his almost invariable response to any remark is "very well," whilst his chin seems trying to get up towards the top of his head. The writer remembers, in the midst of the fight, to have seen the General rallying his men, whilst his chin seemed to stick out further, and his "very wells" seemed to sound more euphoniously than ever, and when the writer wished to pour a little whisky upon the shattered finger, he was told that it was "of no consequence," and away went the General, with a battery following him to take position in some advantageous spot. If any one was ever entitled to a soubriquet, the General certainly deserves that of *cool*.

HAMPTON LEGION.

Fighting for hours under a hot sun, without a drop of water near, the conduct of our men could not be excelled; but human endurance has its bounds, and all seemed about to be lost. Our reserves were yet miles distant from the scene of action, whilst the Hampton Legion had been stationed some distance off, but the hurried order of an Aid-de-Camp to advance to the Stone Bridge, set them in motion, and at a double quick time they passed over the four miles, at a rate which knocked up many and nearly killed some whose pride and resolution kept them up in spite of physical exhaustion. Not knowing exactly where the Stone Bridge lay, the gallant Hampton following a brave man's instincts, dashed for the point at which the firing was heaviest, and soon found his line swept by a cross fire from the batteries opposite. His men, reeling and wavering under the awful shower, rocked like drunken men, but as an eye witness, described it, "always brought up on a balance a *leetle* bit nearer the enemy every time." But at last their commander, fearing destruction if unsupported, sent for aid. "Tell him to retreat," said Beauregard. "Boys," said the Colonel when he received the order, "we did not come here to retreat! Shall we go ahead?" A shout was the response, and on they staggered. Hampton, who is a capital shot, here dismounted and took a rifle, calling on his boys to do as he did, aimed coolly, and knocked over every one he fired at. Lieut. Col. Johnson attempted the same and proved himself a cool soldier, but refusing to dismount, his portly form afforded too good a mark and a bullet passed through his temples. He fell, and one of his young friends in the Legion, springing forward, shook him and halloed in his ear, but in vain—not a quiver of the eye lid nor a heave of the chest indicated that life had outlasted the passage of the missile. Scarce a minute before he fell he had been urged to dismount, but replied, it is said, "The Yankee bullet that is to kill me has not been yet cast." Alas! it was already rammed home, and words uttered only to give confidence to his men, must pass among the vain.

For three hours they stood the brunt of the battle in that part of the field in which they were engaged, never giving an inch, and never moving from their place, unless it was to advance. That they were in the thickest of the fight you may judge from the fact that they have suffered greater loss in proportion to their numbers than any other regiment upon the field, unless exception be made in favor of the Eighth Georgia Regiment, Col. Bartow, and the Fourth Alabama, Col. Jones. Col. Hampton was wounded during a charge upon Shumpert's battery, which was taken, and he was obliged to retire from the field.

After the capture of Shumpert's battery, the command of the Legion devolved upon Captains Conner and Gary, as senior officers, but they were led into action at a critical period of the day, by General Beauregard in person, and in conjunction with the other (Cash's and Kershaw's) Regiments, turned the tide of battle; this rare compliment coming from the lips of the commander in-chief in person

GENERAL BEE.

General Barnard E. Bee displayed a gallantry that scarcely has a parallel in history. The brunt of the morning's battle was sustained by his command until past two o'clock. Overwhelmed by superior numbers, and compelled to yield before a fire that swept everything before it, General Bee rode up and down his lines, encouraging his troops, by everything that was dear to them, to stand up and repel the tide which threatened them with destruction. At last his own brigade dwindled to a mere handful, with every field officer killed or disabled. He rode up to General Jackson and said: "General, they are beating us back."

The reply was: "Sir, we'll give them the bayonet."

General Bee immediately rallied the remnant of his brigade, and his last words to them were: "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me!"

His men obeyed the call, and at the head of his shattered column, the very moment when the battle was turning in our favor, he fell, mortally wounded. Gen. Beauregard was heard to say he had never seen such gallantry. He never murmured at his suffering, but seemed to be consoled by the reflection that he was doing his duty.

TERRIBLE CHARGE OF THE EIGHTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

The Georgians went into the field with only five hundred and fifty men—many of them being upon the sick list—and were posted on the right of Rev. Captain Pendleton's Virginia battery. After being shelled by the enemy for a considerable time, a hail of fire which they stood like statues, they were

ordered to charge on Sherman's battery. In order to do this it was necessary to cross an intervening hollow and establish themselves in a pine thicket, where they could more effectually flank the enemy's position.

Gaining the thicket, they opened upon the enemy. The history of warfare probably affords no instance of more desperate fighting than took place now. From three sides a fierce, concentrated, murderous, unceasing volley poured in upon this devoted and heroic "six hundred" Georgians. The enemy appeared upon the hill by the thousand. Between six and ten regiments were visible. It was a hail of bullet-rain in that fatal grove. The ranks were cut down as grain by a scythe. Whole platoons melted away as if by magic. Cool, unflinching and stubborn, each man fought with gallantry, and a stern determination to win or die. Not one faltered. Col. Bartow's horse was shot under him. Adjutant Branch fell, mortally wounded. Lieut. Col. Gardner dropped with a shattered leg. The officers moved from rank to rank, from man to man, cheering and encouraging the brave fellows. Some of them took the muskets of the dead and began coolly firing at the enemy.

It was an appalling hour. The shot whistled and tore through trees and bones. The ground became literally paved with the fallen. Yet the remnant stood composed and unquailing, carefully loading, steadily aiming, unerringly firing, and then quietly looking to see the effect of their shots. Mere boys fought like veterans—unexcited, save with that stern "white heat," flameless exhileration, that battle gives to brave spirits.

After eight or ten rounds the regiment appeared annihilated. The order was reluctantly given to cease firing and retire. The stubborn fellows gave no heed. It was repeated. Still no obedience. The battle spirit was up. Again it was given. Three volleys had been fired after the first command. At length they retired, walking and fighting. Owing to the density of the growth, a part of the regiment were separated from the colors. The other part formed in an open field behind the thicket. The retreat continued over ground alternately wood and field. At every open spot they would reform, pour a volley into the pursuing enemy and again retire.

From the accounts of the enemy who stopped to give water to the wounded and rifle the dead, it seems that the Eighth cut to pieces the Sixth Massachusetts, half demolished the Rhode Islanders, and made deadly havoc among the Regulars.

But a horrible mistake occurred at this point. Their own friends taking them for the enemy, poured a fatal fire upon their mutilated ranks.

At length they withdrew from the fight. Their final rally was with some sixty men of the six hundred they took in. Balaklava tells no more heroic tale than this: "Into the valley of death *marched* the six hundred."

As they retired, they passed Gen. Beauregard. He drew aside, fronted, raised his hat, and said, "I salute the Eighth Georgia with my hat off."

Of all the companies of the regiment, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry suffered most. They were on the extreme right nearest the enemy, and thus were more exposed. Composed of the first young gentlemen of Savannah, their terrible loss will throw a gloom over their whole city.

An organization of five or six years' standing they were the favorite corps of Savannah. Colonel Bartow had long been Captain and was idolized by them, while he had a band of sons in them. It is supposed that his deep grief at the mutilation of his boys, caused him to expose his life more recklessly than was necessary. He wished to die with them, if he could not take them back home.

They fought with heroic desperation. All young, all unmarried, all gentlemen, there was not one of the killed who was not an ornament to his community, and freighted with brilliant promise. In sending them to Virginia, Savannah sent her best to represent her, and their loss proves how well they stood up, how well that city was represented upon a field where all were brave.

DEATH OF COLONEL BARTOW.

After the gallant 8th had retired with but a fragment, Col. Bartow, by General Beauregard's order, brought up the 7th Georgia, exclaiming, in reply to Col. Gartrell, of the 7th, who asked him where they should go—"Give me your flag, and I will tell you."

Leading them to their stand amid a terrific fire, he posted the regiment fronting the enemy, and exclaimed in those eloquent tones so full of high feeling that his friends ever expected from him—"Gen. Beauregard says you must hold this position, and, Georgians, I appeal to you to hold it."

Here again they were exposed to a galling fire, terrible in its effect, and here fell the heroic Bartow. His horse having been previously killed, and the color-bearer of the Seventh being likewise killed or wounded, he was on foot at the head of his command, banner in hand, leading them forward in the thickest of the fight, when a bullet struck him in the chest just above the heart. He was immediately carried to the rear, laid upon the ground with a knapsack for a pillow, and the best of medical attention rendered; but he was beyond the reach of human aid.

With both hands clasped over his breast, he raised his head and with a God-like effort, his eye glittering in its last gleam with a blazing light, he said, with a last heroic flash of his lofty spirit, "They have killed me, but, boys, NEVER give up the

field,"—emphasizing the "never" in his peculiar and stirring manner, that all who know him will so feelingly recall.

Thus perished as noble a soul as ever breathed. He will long live in remembrance. He met the fate he most wished—the martyred patriot's grave. He was a pure patriot, an able statesman, a brilliant lawyer, a chivalric soldier, a spotless gentleman. His imperious scorn of littleness was one of his leading characteristics. His lofty patriotism will consign his name to an immortal page in this country's history. He died a soldier's death, with the bullets of the enemy whistling around him, and has left behind a memory which will long remain green in the hearts of those in whose cause he fell. On hearing of the sad event, General Johnston sent a detachment to remove the body to headquarters, and, by order of the President, who had just arrived, it was there placed in a coffin and sent to the bereaved wife who had parted with him in Richmond, full of hope and happiness but a few days before.

A CRITICAL HOUR.

Between two and three o'clock large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded, others exhausted by the long struggle who gave gloomy reports; but as the fire on both sides continued steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southerners had not been conquered by the overwhelming hordes of the North. It is, however, due to truth to say that the result at this hour hung trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Generals Bartow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieut. Colonel Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, had been killed; Colonel Hampton had been wounded.

From the knoll near the Lewis House, the two Generals, Beauregard and Johnston, had remained anxious spectators of the conflict; but the time had come for action, and plunging their spurs into the quick-footed steeds, away went the Generals and their staff right into the thickest of the fight. Coming up first to the Alabamians, who were without a field officer, Gen. Johnston placed the color-bearer by his horse's side and moved on—each and all of the staff, with the Generals, vieing with each other in words of encouragement to the men to come on. And well timed was this movement. Already our line upon the hill top was giving way, but incited to fresh deeds of heroism by the appearance in their midst of our Generals, apparently bringing up reinforcements, they pitched into the fray with redoubled ardor, and from that time yielded not an inch of ground. Gen. Beauregard riding over to the left took charge of operations there, displaying his reckless bravery by riding up and down our lines between the enemy and his own men, regardless of the heavy fire, cheering and encouraging our troops. About this time a shell struck his horse, taking its

head off, and killing the horses of his Aids, Messrs. Ferguson and Heyward.

General Beauregard's Aids deserve honorable mention, particularly those just named, and Colonels W. Porcher Miles, James Chesnut, John L. Manning and A. R. Chisolm.

UNEXPECTED REINFORCEMENTS.

Gen. Johnston exclaimed to Gen. Cocke just at the critical moment, "Oh, for four regiments!" His wish was answered, for in the distance our reinforcements appeared.

Just at this juncture, two o'clock, Gen. E. K. Smith, of Florida, with Elsey's Brigade, composed of a Tennessee and Mississippi Regiment, the Baltimore Battalion and a battery of eight pieces of artillery, arrived upon the field, and reported himself and command to Gen. Johnston. No event could have been more opportune. He heard the firing, and dismissing his guide pressed on to the heavy discharges. Luckily, he came out on the right of the enemy just at a moment when a large body of Louisianians (as I am informed by one of the party), mingled with stragglers from all the regiments, the exhausted, the sick and slightly wounded, who lay in their way, dispersed along an extensive stretch of woods, were dashing forward to take one more blow at the enemy. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected.

THE BATTLE WON.

The enemy fell back, and a panic seized them. Cheer after cheer from our men went up, and we knew the battle had been won. New impulse was imparted to exhausted bodies, fresh hopes were inspired, and, in a word, the tide of battle changed. Instead of falling back, we now advanced. Our soldiers charged to the very mouths of the cannon, and fought as if they felt that the destinies of the day were suspended in the balance.

The enemy were mowed down by hundreds. Ellsworth's Zouaves, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin men lay in every field and patch of woods. The horses of the artillery were dead and dying in piles around their batteries, and the Yankees were receiving a succession of shocks which it was not possible to long withstand. Still they fought obstinately and well, yielding not so much to numbers as to the irresistible onsets which followed on infantry and artillery alike.

THE VICTORY GAINED BY SOUTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

To insure the victory, now so nearly won, but still hanging in the balance, an order was sent for the Second and Eighth Palmetto Regiments to hasten to the assistance of the left wing. Couriers were dispatched to Capt. Perryman, out scouting, and

Capt. Rhett, on picket guard, to march across the fields to the left, and join their regiment, the Second, which was on the march, to aid the left wing. This regiment, to which was attached Kemper's Battery, followed by the Eighth, Col. Cash, hurried to the scene of action.

The fast flying cannon shot now cut down several of our number before they got sight of the foe. Presently they became visible, with banners insolently flaunting, and driving before them the remains of our shattered forces. But the Second, undaunted by the sight, ployed column, and, with a shout, charged up the hill at the double quick. The Yankees could not stand the shock, and fell back into a wood on the west of the hill, pouring into us a galling fire. Driven through this wood, they again formed on a brigade of their men in a field beyond, and for half an hour a severe struggle took place between this regiment, with Kemper's Battery attached, unsupported, and an immense force of United States troops. We poured in a steady and deadly fire upon their ranks. While the battle raged the Eighth South Carolina Regiment came up, and Col. Cash, pointing to the enemy, says: "Col. Kershaw are those the d——d scoundrels that you wish driven off the field? I'll do it in five minutes, by God!" "Yes, Colonel," says Kershaw, "form on our left and do it if you can." In a few moments the Eighth got close up on the left, and poured in a murderous fire, under which the enemy reeled and broke.

Again they formed on a hill, and new legions covering the hills around rushed to their support, but the terrific fire of Kemper's Battery was too much for them. They reeled again and broke. "Forward, Second Palmetto Regiment!" says Kershaw. "Now is the time!" The Second and Eighth now dashed forward, fast but steadily, and the victory was won.

From eleven until four o'clock the battle lasted undiminished in the fierceness with which it had been commenced.

THE ENGAGEMENT ON OUR RIGHT.

The line of battle extended some seven miles up and down the creek, and during the day there were some minor engagements at other fords.

At Blackburn's Ford, Gen. Jones' Brigade made an attack upon the left flank of the enemy, who had two strong batteries in a commanding position, which it was important to capture.

This brigade embraced the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments and the Fifth South Carolina Regiment under command of Col. Jenkins. These were stationed at MacLane's Ford on Bull Run. Gen. Longstreet was on the right at Blackman's Ford, while Gen. Ewell occupied a position at Mitchell's Ford. Just in front of Jones' position, on a hill opposite, was a battery of eight guns, which all the morning had been pouring upon our forces an incessant though harmless fire.

This Jones was to attack in front, Longstreet in the rear, and Ewell on the right.

The first brigade accordingly advanced by a circuitous route, the South Carolinians in front, the Seventeenth on their left and the Eighteenth on their right, and took up a position on the hill about half a mile from the battery. Here, before the Eighteenth were completely formed, the battery opened upon the brigade a heavy fire of grape, canister and musketry. The South Carolinians were ordered to advance, and they made an impetuous charge across a field about three hundred yards in length. This brought them to the edge of an exceedingly dense thicket, which covered the declivity of the hill, but our boys gallantly continued their way under a galling storm of musketry, shell and grape, which the enemy directed into their midst from the brow of a neighboring hill, until the latter were forced to retreat, first under cover of their battery, and finally to a neighboring ravine.

Now comes the most unfortunate part of the whole affair. Col. Jenkins and his command had charged so rapidly over the hill that when the Mississippians on the left and right came around the ravine, and saw the Carolinians rushing on, they mistook them for retreating Yankees, and at the distance of only one hundred yards opened a tremendous fire. Here most of our men fell. The musketry continued until we got out of their reach. It is due to them, however to say that their officers, recognizing the South Carolinians, from their uniforms and flags, threw themselves in front of their men, and at the risk of their lives endeavored to stop their firing. The Eighteenth Regiment also fired upon the Seventeenth, and notwithstanding that both Carolinians and Mississippians threw up their hands and gave the signal of the day, it was impossible to restrain the terrible discharge of musketry which continued.

By the time the Carolinians got out of the range of this unexpected fire they were within four hundred yards of the enemy's artillery, which sent grape and canister flying over their heads. Meanwhile the Mississippians discovering their mistake, and being in some confusion, withdrew from the ground. Finding that he was thus totally unsupported, the other regiments composing the brigade having left him, and after having sent several couriers to General Jones, without response, Colonel Jenkins determined to retire. He accordingly threw two companies upon the brow of the hill to protect his retreat, and then slowly and in good order withdrew his command.

Colonel Jenkins exhibited the greatest gallantry throughout the action, and considering that the Mississippians made him their especial mark, it is a miracle that he escaped. His stirrup was struck by a bullet, and the balls whistled around him in a shower.

Within a few moments after his retreat the enemy deserted their guns and likewise retired, probably under the apprehension that we had fallen back to renew the charge, and it is supposed did not return, as they left upon the ground a large amount of luggage. There is no doubt that had the attack been continued we should have completely routed the enemy, captured the battery at that time, and have produced a totally different result from that which took place.

The advance of the Carolinians was one of the bravest and boldest movements made during the day. The discipline was admirable. Every man appeared as cool and determined as if upon an evening review, and not a foot was stirred in retreat until the order was given by Col. Jenkins, when it was reluctantly obeyed. When the news was imparted to President Davis, he paid them the high compliment of saying that "none but Carolinians would have made such a charge."

THE ENGAGEMENT ON OUR CENTRE.

Col. Williams' Third Regiment, Col. Bacon's Seventh, together with Col. Kirkland's North Carolina and Col. Kelley's Louisiana Regiments, constituted the centre of the general line, and held Mitchell's Ford, on the direct line from Fairfax Court House to Manassas. These regiments were under a cannonade from sunrise until near sunset, but being entrenched they suffered but little. Just before sundown, and when the right of the enemy gave way, they were ordered to charge the batteries in their front, which they executed in a gallant style, led by Gen. Bonham in person. When the charge was made, the enemy promptly retired, and the loss of those regiments was small. They pursued the enemy to Centreville, and took near one million dollars' worth of Federal property. It is believed that none in those regiments were killed, and but few wounded.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

At about five o'clock, we heard cheer upon cheer, and the word "Davis" ran along the ranks, and we saw in the distance the tall, slender form of our gallant President, who had arrived upon the field in time to see the total rout of the army which threatened his capture, and the subjugation of the South.

The President left Richmond at six o'clock in the morning, and reached Manassas Junction at four, where, mounting a horse, accompanied by Colonel Joseph R. Davis, and numerous attendants, he galloped to the battle field. The sight, of itself, was worth the fatigue of the day's journey. We saw the poor wounded soldiers on the roadside and in the fields, when they observed the President's manly form pass by, raise their heads, and heard them give shout upon shout and cheer upon cheer.

THE PURSUIT.

After the enemy's right began the retreat, caused mainly by the timely and impetuous charge of the Second and Eighth Palmetto Regiments, an order was received from Gen. Beauregard, not to engage the enemy, should he form again, without reinforcements. Such as could be had were now hurried up. He inspected the division thus increased, consisting of the Second and Eighth South Carolina Regiments, the shattered remnants of Hampton's Legion, about one hundred and fifty strong, whom we had rescued (what with the killed, wounded, and those attending them, few were left in the field), and one company—partly of Marylanders, and partly of Crescent Blues of New Orleans. Kemper's Battery had not been able to keep up with us in the flight of the enemy and our rapid pursuit, for want of horses. Ten minutes we halted, until joined by another small regiment—Preston's Virginians, I believe—then moved on in the chase. Two miles further on, the cavalry joined us; but finding the enemy posted on a hill, with artillery covering the road, we threw out skirmishers, and formed in line of battle. But the Yankees after firing a few cannon shot and Minnie balls, again fell back. On we went, and Kemper having now overtaken us, we deployed, and allowed him to unlimber and give them two or three good rounds, which completely routed the Yankee column again.

THE ROUT.

The rout was complete. A panic seized upon the flying troops, and everything that could impede progress was thrown by the wayside, to be picked up as trophies by our victorious troops. For miles the road to Centreville was strewn with caps, shoes, equipments, guns, knapsacks, blankets by the thousands, ammunition, and every other conceivable article incident to army operations. Gen. McGowan says no one who had not witnessed it could form any idea of the scene. There were no regiments, no companies; it was one confused and compact mass of flying men. As our cavalry overtook them they surrendered in bodies of twenty, thirty, fifty, and so on, and while these were secured and sent to the rear, the others scattered right and left in the woods, to return again in the roads as opportunity offered.

On arriving at Centreville, an effort was made by some of the officers to rally the troops and give fight to our approaching forces; but one of the latter suddenly shouted "the Virginia cavalry is coming," and the whole detachment that had halted again took to their heels.

At Henderson they had a reserve of ten thousand men, and an attempt was made there to rally, but a cry was raised that the dragoons were coming, and, seized by a new panic, another

stampede commenced, to which the reserve added a new momentum and additional terrors. In a word, to paint the scene is said to be impossible. At Henderson, many of our men, nearly all in fact, laid down exhausted. Many had eaten nothing since the day before, and all of them had been in action since day dawn. The cavalry pursued the retreating rabble and hewed them down and trampled them under foot like noxious weeds, by hundreds and hundreds. The entire road from Fairfax to Alexandria was strewn with the waifs of a routed army. We captured five hundred wagons, a very large number of the finest ambulances, private carriages brought down by curious friends, who came to witness a Federal victory, immense quantities of ammunition, thirty thousand of the best small arms in boxes, which had never been opened, many cases of surgical instruments and valuable medical chests, together with an almost incalculable amount of Commissary stores.

At Centreville, where they had a splendid dinner prepared, they were obliged to leave before eating it One of the ladies, in her haste to get into the carriage, fell and broke her leg, and was lifted into it with her leg hanging. An unfinished letter was left lying on a table there from some gentleman to his wife, in which he told her to direct her next letter to him in Richmond, Va. The feeling with all seemed to have been that they had nothing to do but come forward in triumphal procession to our capital, and take possession of it.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

The Washington Artillery, who had drawn their guns up the hill and in front of the house known as Mr. Lewis'—General Cocke's and General Johnston's, headquarters, and which was riddled with shot—commanded by Major J. B. Walton in person, gave the retreating enemy a parting salute. Observing the carriage of a gun some two miles off, he gave the order for another fire, and Lieutenant Dearing pointed the piece Before the ball had well reached the point aimed at, a whole regiment of the enemy appeared in sight, going at "double quick" down the Centreville road. Major Walton immediately ordered another shot "to help them along," as he said, and two were sent without delay right at them. There was no obstruction and the whole front of the regiment was exposed. One half were seen to fall, and if Gen. Johnston had not at that moment sent an aid to Major Walton, with the order to cease firing, nearly the whole regiment would have been killed.

There was a constant struggle during the day over the enemy's batteries. Time and again were they captured by our men, and very often retaken by the enemy. The most excited creature on the battle field was the Rev. Mr. Repetto, Captain of the Page County (Va.) Grays, who claimed the honor of taking Rickett's (Sherman's) Battery. Of his whole company,

nearly one hundred strong, he had only eighteen uninjured Another of our Reverends, Col. Pendleton, a graduate of West Point, a resident of Lexington, Virginia, and an Episcopalian Minister, was quite busy during the day, and doubtless did more than any one else to check the advancing enemy. The inquiry among the prisoners was very general, "who the DEVIL commanded that battery on the left, that killed so many of our men?" Our reply was, that it was a *Saint*, named Pendleton.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE BATTLE.

Thus did fifteen thousand men, with eighteen pieces of artillery, drive back ingloriously a force exceeding thirty-five thousand, supported by nearly a hundred pieces of cannon. I believe the official reports will sustain me in the assertion that Gen. Beauregard did not bring more than fifteen thousand men into the action. The total force under Gen. McDowell was over fifty thousand, but thirty-five thousand will probably cover the force in action at the Stone Bridge.

The credit is accorded them that they fought well and long, but their cause was bad—they were on soil not their own, and they met their equals who were fighting in defence of their homes, their liberty and their honor.

The scene of carnage was beyond description. Here a pile of dead and dying men; there struggling, crippled horses; and over the surface of the hitherto peaceful fields the surging, angry waves of battle still adding its victims to the long list. Our light artillery batteries seem to have been more than a match for the rifled cannon at the short distance, for our guns would be fired three or four times to their once.

The despatch of President Davis to Mrs. Davis sums up the results of the battle of this most eventful day in a few words: "We have won a glorious but dear bought victory. The night closed with the enemy in full flight, pursued by our troops."

Upon each side the picture presents an entire contrast. Calm and confident our soldiers have consigned to the grave their fallen comrades, and buried also the enemy's dead, left without sepulture on the field. They have sent in no flag of truce, because they found it would not be respected for two reasons: first, they basely prostituted its privilege on Friday before, by throwing up breastworks while ostensibly burying their dead, and second, because in the battle on Sunday, a New York regiment displayed our flag and answered our friendly signal until within a very short distance of the Fourth Alabama regiment, and then poured a deadly volley into its ranks. For a moment the Alabamians were confused by the execution in their ranks, but they quickly rallied, and charged upon the renegades, returned the fire and put them to flight among the bushes. A similar deception was practiced upon the Hampton Legion with a similar result—the enemy in this case being Ellsworth's Fire

Zouaves—otherwise known as the "Pet Lambs," but a field yet covered with dead and mangled forms tells the tale of the terrible retribution which followed.

The enemy, by some means, had also possessed themselves of our countersign, password, and a peculiar motion of the hand which was intended as a mark of recognition among our troops, and many a brave fellow was made to bite the dust by confiding in those who approached thus protected in the character of friends. Various styles of badges had been adopted to distinguish our soldiers from those of the enemy, but in every instance the peculiar desire was communicated to the Federalists, and being imitated, resulted in more harm than good.

Another plan of deception was adopted by the Yankees. Squads of them would get into the edge of the dense wood and undergrowth, and from that concealed position shoot our men, and then fall back motionless as if dead. The trick was discovered by a couple of South Carolinians, however, just as one of the scamps was in the act of firing, and he met the fate he deserved. A number of other apparently dead bodies lying in the vicinity attracted the attention of our boys and making an examination they discovered no less than a half dozen of the cowardly dogs picking off our men at every shot. They begged for mercy, but the incensed Carolinians sent their souls into eternity without compunction or remorse.

The meanness and barbarity of our foes becomes more apparent the more we investigate their conduct. Thirty thousand pair of hand-cuffs were found in the baggage wagons, which were on their way to Richmond. If they expect to overcome us, they must set their smiths at work at once, for they will need millions of pairs, not thousands. They will be obliged to use them even on our children, for there is scarcely a two years' old boy among us who does not know how to fire a gun, and would be found willing to do it in defence of our rights.

HONORABLE MENTION.

It would be idle to attempt to apportion the credit of the day among our able and consummate Generals. The first praise is due to Gen. Beauregard, who planned the defence, and prepared so admirably and completely the fortune that was won. Each division of our gallant army did its duty, its whole duty, without faulter or default. The plan of battle chosen by the enemy forced the heavy fighting upon Johnston's command, who met the danger and fought the good fight, as their country expected them to do. To say "well done, brave and faithful soldiers," is to give expression to the language of every heart and tongue. Every soldier and every officer did his duty, and henceforward, through all time, it will be the highest pride of every man in that gallant army to say that he was at Manassas on the 21st of July.

In token of the high esteem in which our President held the

gallantry and services of Gen. Beauregard, he addressed him the following letter, written the evening after the battle:

MANASSAS, VA., *July* 21, 1861.

Sir:—Appreciating your services in the battle of Manassas, and on several other occasions during the existing war, as affording the highest evidence of your skill as a commander, your gallantry as a soldier, and your zeal as a patriot, you are promoted to be General in the Army of the Confederate States of America, and with the consent of the Congress will be duly commissioned accordingly. Yours, &c.,

JEFF. DAVIS.

Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE IN CONGRESS.

At Richmond, on Monday, the following dispatch, dated at Manassas, Sunday night, was read by the Clerk of Congress:

To S. Cooper, Adjutant General C. S. A.:

Night has closed upon a hard fought field. Our forces have won a glorious victory. The enemy was routed and fled precipitately, abandoning a large amount of arms, ammunition, knapsacks and baggage. The ground was strewn for miles with those killed, and the farm houses and the grounds around were filled with his wounded. The pursuit was continued along several routes towards Leesburg and Centreville, until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured several field batteries, a regimental stand of colors, and one United States flag. Many prisoners have been taken.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers or for the gallantry of all the troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left, several miles from our field fortifications. Our force was fifteen thousand; that of the enemy is estimated at thirty-five thousand.

Signed, JEFF. DAVIS.

The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Memminger:

Resolved, That we recognize the hand of Most High God, the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, in the glorious victory with which He hath crowned our army at Manassas, and that the people of these Confederate States are invited, by appropriate services on the ensuing Sabbath, to offer up their united thanksgiving and praise for this mighty deliverance.

Resolved, That, deeply deploring the necessity which has marked the soil of our country with the blood of so many of her noblest sons, we offer to their respective families and friends our warmest and most cordial sympathy, assuring them that the sacrifice made will be consecrated in the hearts of our people, and will there enshrine the names of the gallant dead as the champions of free and constitutional liberty.

NORTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT ROUT.

The correspondent of the New York World (a Republican paper), gives the following account of the retreat of the "Grand Army." He says: Near four o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abattis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota Regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered; no General of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manœuvre. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle had commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had, doubtless, all day been lying concealed.

The ambulances and wagons gradually advanced to this spot, and, of course, an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the heedless, headlong confusion was now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored, by the most gallant, but unavailable exertions, to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked of Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up, men!" he shouted, "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backwards and forwards, placing his horse across the road, and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps.

We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutler's wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us. "It's no use, Alexander," I said, "you must leave with the rest." "I'll be d—d if I will," was his sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles

on their shoulder straps, Majors and Colonels, who had deserted their comrades, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat! For three miles hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the loss on either side. Army wagons, sutler's teams and private carriages choaked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the *debris*. Horses, flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bareback, as much to save themselves from being run over as to make quicker time.

Wounded men lying along the banks—the few either left on the field nor taken to the captured hospitals, appealed, with raised hands, to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind; but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the melee, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned, and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonizing expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek; he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him.

Who ever saw such a flight. Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' Brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camp and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the Grand Army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch rout the trains attached to Hunter's Division had caught

the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay.

Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks and shovels, and provisions of every kind, lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route. When some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillerists, and served upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army was complete.

The sight of Miles' reserve drawn up on the hills at Centreville, supporting a full battery of field pieces, and the efforts of the few officers still faithful to their trust, encouraged many of the fugitive infantry to seek their old camps and go no further. But the majority pushed on to a point near the late site of Germantown, where Lieutenant Brisbane had formed a line of Hunt's Artillery across the road, and repulsed all who attempted to break through.

While he was thus engaged, a courier arrived with the news that Colonel Montgomery was advancing with a New Jersey Brigade from Falls Church, and that the retreat must be stopped, only the wagons being allowed to pass through. Some thousands of the soldiery had already got far on their way to Washington. These were those from whom the details of the repulse were gathered this morning. Poor fellows! who could blame them? Their own Colonels had deserted them, only leaving orders for them to reach Arlington Heights as soon as they could.

A few miles further, I met Montgomery swiftly pressing to the rescue, and reported the success of Lieut. Brisbane's efforts. And so I rode along, as well as my wearied horse could carry me, past groups of straggling fugitives, to Fairfax, where Col. Woodbury was expecting and guarding against a flank movement of the enemy, and on again to Long Bridge and the Potomac. But the van of the runaway soldiers had made such time that I found a host of them at the Jersey entrenchments begging the sentinels to allow them to cross the bridge. To-day we learn of the safe retreat of the main body of the army; that they were feebly followed by the rebels as far as Fairfax; but are now within the Arlington lines, and that McDowell, a stunned and vanquished General, is overlooking the wreck of his columns from his old quarters at the Custis mansion.